The Journal and Courier

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Notice.

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It having at last been admitted by St. Paul that Minneapolis has the larger population there will probably be more peace than there has been in that neighborhood.

Paris has given up the idea of instructing its school children in military drill. The municipal council has disbanded the battalions and ordered the guns and equipments to be sold at auction.

Manchester's Chamber of Commerce has established a Testing House, "to ascertain the true condition, weight, length and other physical properties of such articles as the Board of Directors may from time to time determine, and to issue certificates as to the results of the tests." The first matters taken up will be to ascertain the amount of moisture contained in samples of cotton and wool, with the determination of their true trade weight, and to test the true count, length, twist and strength of yarns.

According to the Brockton (Massachusetts) Times, the steamer Genevieve, which plies between Onset and Monument Beach, one day recently ran pretty well into shore when nearing President Cleveland's summer home, and to those on shore it looked as if the steamer intended making a landing. Mr. Cleveland's family were enjoying themselves near the landing, and as the steamer drew near they picked up their traps and started up over the lawn toward the house. In another moment the leader of the band on the Genevieve waved his baton and the band started in playing, "I don't want to play in your yard," and the steamer swung out from land and kept on her way.

A traveler on the new railroad that is being built across Siberia by the Russian government says the country is rapidly filling with immigrants from Russia. The Russian government tried in vain to stop the movement, but finally yielded, and last year more than 100,000 peasants from the overcrowded communes of Russia crossed the Ural mountains. They find the same level fields as in Russia, but a richer soil. The soil is a black mold overlying sand. In its vast extent, Siberia resembles British America, but in other respects there is little likeness. Siberia is inhabited almost to the shores of the Arctic ocean, while the northern portion of British America supports only a few scattered tribes of Esquimaux.

Alphonse Daudet says that drunkenness is increasing very rapidly in France, and that the increase in due to the fact that a very large proportion of the vineyards, which formerly were sufficiently productive to provide for the population a fairly liberal supply of pure, light wine, are now practically ruined. Daudet says that much of the wretchedness which follows in the wake of free indulgence in strong drink comes from the alarming growth of the absinthe habit. Thirty-four years ago, he says, absinthe drinkers in the French army were so few that they were known by name, while now the army is filled with them and they are to be found by thousands in all parts of the country. Physicians have long known the disastrous effects of absinthe drinking, and it is claimed that a very large proportion of insanity cases are distinctly traceable to this cause.

The Great Western railroad, of England, has just had to pay half a million dollars to free itself from the obligation to stop every train at Swindon station for ten minutes. In 1841, before the road had reached Bristol, it made an agreement for ninety-nine years with a firm of builders to hold every train carrying passengers, "not being sent express or for special purposes, for a reasonable period of about ten minutes," at Swindon, in consideration of the erection of suitable refreshment rooms, for which a rent of a penny a year was to be paid. The railroad soon found out the inconvenience of the arrangement and tried to break it. The courts in 1846 and in 1872 held that "express" did not mean in the contract what is now meant by an express train; but the price asked for the annulment of the concession was always more than the company was willing to pay. After a fight of over fifty years it has been driven by the competition of other roads to buy out its opponents, and the ten minute stop of fast expresses at Swindon is now a thing of the past.

Considerable comment has been excited in Hungary by the publication of a book written by the master of the ceremonies attached to the person of the Bishop of Szathmar and issued with the expressed approval of the Bishop himself. The book deals with the duties of the Roman Catholic clergy in relation to the civil marriage laws. In the preface the author states that, before the publication of the work, he received communications from more than 500 members of the Hungarian clergy expressing sympathy with and adherence to his views, while only a single dissenting communication reached him. The book, which purports to be a practical guide to priests and chaplains, quotes many papal and congregational decisions which serve to prove that there are no reasons in the world which could be construed as preventing the Roman Catholic Church from recognizing the civil ceremony. In conclusion, it refers to various theological authorities who decidedly advocate the due observance of the laws, and who base their opinions on the fact that the stipulation that the civil contract is to precede the religious celebration is contrary neither to the laws of religion nor to morality.

BETTER DAYS COMING.

The last rose of summer seems to require considerable warmth to do its lonely blooming in. Yesterday, with the heat, the relative, the absolute, the general, the special humidity and the accident to the Defender, was a rather depressing day. But, ye wilted saints, fresh courage take and press with vigor on. There can't be many more such days, even in this great corn year. Corn is almost ripe, and unless there has been a wonderful change in the natural order of things it will not be thought necessary to pop or parch it on the stalk. So it is entirely reasonable to expect that there will be a sweeter and a cooler by and by. When it comes perhaps the pavement promoters of New Haven will be even more industrious than they now are. They can't be any more public spirited. That were impossible. We do not remember a time when more of the citizens of New Haven were actively at work for the benefit of their beloved home. It augurs well for the city that so many of its inhabitants are willing to spend their time and their talents in its service during such warm weather as we have had lately. It reminds one of the noble old Roman days. We hope it will be cooler soon so that they can work with more comfort. And we also hope that when they have fully decided the great controversy they will be rewarded by the appreciation and the gratitude of their fellow citizens. They ought to have at least that much for their self-sacrificing efforts.

And is it too much to hope that when it is cooler a site for the Lewis memorial will be selected? We believe it has been decided that there are several sites to select from, and therefore all that remains to be done is to select. Why should the resolve to select be much longer sicklied o'er by the pale cast of puttering? If a pavement can be selected for even a part of Orange street surely a site for the Lewis memorial can be selected. It is not possible that New Haven's power of selection has all been expended on the abbreviated Orange street pavement. The Select Committee on the Selection of a Site for the Lewis Memorial should soon make an effort, get off its nest and announce that it has laid its long awaited egg.

THE GOOD AND EVIL BICYCLE.

The doctors are disagreeing over the bicycle in true doctoral fashion. Not long ago a famous Chicago doctor mournfully announced that if men didn't stop riding the bicycle the race would die out. Now comes a famous St. Louis doctor—I. M. Love—saying that he believes strongly in the bicycle for both men and women, on the ground that "it brings into play every muscle of the human body and is better than horseback riding or fencing." He thinks that the only proper position to be taken is an upright one, and commends women for maintaining such a position better than men, although he adds that this is due to "their vanity." Dr. Love says: "As physicians we should frown upon the bifurcated skirt or bloomer. It is inartistic and a blot on the landscape, and should be relegated. The Eton waist and belt is flowing and comfortable, and women should wear a sweater; indeed, I am in favor of all wearing a woolen garment next to the flesh to offset sudden draughts."

But the most solemn warning against the bicycle is that just delivered by Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous London alienist. He directs his warning especially to women and those who love them and want to see them do what will do them good. "Dangerous to health and injurious to morals" is what he says about bicycle riding by women. And he impressively adds, I am fearful for the next generation if this bicycle craze keeps on, for it is then and only then that the full effects of the evil will be absolutely demonstrated to the public. Let us take only the medical aspects of the facts. From this point of view there is every reason to be fearful of the results of wheeling. Horseback riding produces in women substantially the same disastrous results and temptations as does the bicycle, but not to so marked a degree. Abnormal conditions must be expected to exist when the causes of their development are so universally used. Both exercises are too violent for the physical construction of women, and produce such conditions as lead to abnormal appetites and desires. If these facts are brought so often to public atention now, how much more attention will they demand in the next generation?

If bicycle riding is going to spoil both men and women something will have to be done about it. They are having so good a time now with their bicycles that they are not thinking about future generations. But they ought to think about them. It is by thinking of future generations that a present generation can prevent itself from having too good a time.

FASHION NOTES.

House Gowns Three.

Princess gowns cut to the natural figure, with a soft fichu of filmy muslin crossed over the bust, under the arms and fastening with flowing ends in the back will make one of the prettiest models for house gowns we have had a chance to wear for a long time. Clad in such a dress of satin, the woman with tall, willowy figure will not have everything her own way, after all, for the like is becoming to almost all styles of woman who have kept their linse enough to deserve to have pretty dresses.

A princess house dress of rose and

gold changeable taffeta is pictured here and is a model that is well worth copying. At the front there is a panel, vest and yoke of plain pink silk, and the edges of the other material are trimmed with bead galoon combining the two colors. The turn-down collar of shot silk is similarly edged, and so are the cuffs, which are of the plain silk. The back of the bodice part has a pleated insertion of plain silk that terminates at the waist, and a heavy silk cord forms the belt.

Pretty house gowns, too, can be made according to the new model that is cut in one from throat to hem, except in front, where it opens over vest and petticoat of contrasting color and material. The back may fit to perfection and under the arms be moulded to the figure, then the vest may be soft, blouse-like and apparently one with the petticoat, the waist line being marked by belt or sash. This makes a combination of dressiness and ease that is a chief charm of a successfully artistic house gown.

Shoes are made with extremely long pointed toes, the lines of their sides being marvels of calculation that result in a comfortable fit, though the appearance of a shoe extremely narrow and tapering to a point right in front makes that seem impossible if a person has any toes. Laced street shoes are at least three inches higher than the cut last year, the shoe for usual wear really approximating the height of the wheel or pedestrian shoe. It has been found that the high-cut lace shoe is not only very comfortable but very becoming to the foot, and no better reasons could be urged for the more general adopting of such a model.

FLORETTE.

ORTHODOX.

"My congregation don't believe in free silver," sighed the country parson, as he sadly noted the large number of copper pennies in the collection basket.—Truth.

Bishop—Do you think it is right to partake of this hash on Friday? Low Church Clergyman—Entirely orthodox; it is composed of the thirty-nine articles.—Puck.

Gorman Dizer—What do you do for a living when your summer boarders leave you? Berkshire Farmer—Waal, about same as I've been doin'—keep on fattening hogs.—Truth.

Medium (in a tone with ice down its back)—Madame, the spirit of your dead husband wishes to converse with you. The Widow Hennypeck—Huh! If he hasn't any more spirit now than he had when he was alive, it isn't worth paying attention to.—Puck.

"My dear," said a wife, who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her lord and master simply said, "I give it up."—Tit-Bits.

Broad Hint.—"Sis'll be down pretty soon," said Johnny to young Mr. Hankinson. "It always takes her a long time to put on her good clothes." There was a brief silence. It was broken by Johnny: "Some people think candy ain't good for little boys. It don't never hurt me. It 'sticks right to my lungs and makes me grow."—Chicago Tribune.

"My son," said the pious gentleman to the boy who was playing leapfrog in the front yard, "don't you know this is Sunday?"

"You're right, I do!" shouted the boy. "Mammy's gone to camp meetin', sister's run off with a book agent, all the groceries is gone, the baby's in the back yard eatin' clay an' dad's smokin' an' a-cussin' of the Methodists!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at a public school in Connecticut: (1.) From what animals do we get milk? From the camel and the milkman. (2.) The hen is covered with feathers. With what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas. (3.) Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail. A mosquito. (4.) Name two k[illegible] of nuts. Peanuts and for-get-me-nuts.—Harper's Round Table.

Worth the Admission.—Farmer Makestraw—I say, Mariah, we must all drive in to Squashtown next week. A feller named Professor Flyhigh is goin' up in a balloon, an' then he'll jump off, with nothin' but an umbrella to hold him. Mrs. Makestraw—Is it a free exhibition? Farmer Makestraw—No, it will cost us 25 cents apiece; but if that umbrella ain't no stronger than most that's sold nowadays, we'll git the worth of our money."—New York Weekly.

Rough Luck.—Distressed Female—Oh, please, sir, give me something all the same!

Benevolent Gentleman—Why "all the same?"

Distressed Female (weeping)—Oh, sir, don't you recognize me? I'm the blind man's wife.

Benevolent Gentleman—Yes, I remember you; but what's the matter?

Distressed Female—Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight.—St. Paul Globe.

A New Picture of George Eliot.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton contributes to the Woman at Home an article on George Eliot. Mrs. Linton's first meeting with her took place at one of the famous evening gatherings in the house of Mr. John Chapman, the publisher. She confesses to a certain lack of sympathy with this "celebrated person.""She was essentially underbred and provincial; and I, in the swaddling-clothes of early education and prepossession as I was, saw more of the provincial than the genius and was repelled by the unformed manner rather than attracted by the learning. She held her hands and arms kangaroo fashion; was badly dressed; had an unwashed, unbrushed, unkempt look altogether; and she assumed a tone of superiority over me which I was not then aware was warranted by her undoubted leadership. From first to last she put up my mental bristles, so that I rejected then and there what might have become a closer acquaintance had I not been so blind and so much influenced by her want of conventional graces."

Thenceforth the writer saw little of Marian Evans until after what she calls "her flight with George Lewes." "When they returned home," she says, "I called on them by their joint request. They were in lodgings in St. John's Wood, and the aureole of their new love was around them. There was none of the pretence of a sactioned union which came afterwards—none of the somewhat pretentious assumption of superior morality which was born of her success. She was frank, genial, natural and brimful of happiness. The consciousness that she had finally made her choice and cast the die which determined her fate gave her a nobility of expression and a grandeur of bearing which she had not had when I first knew her. Then my heart warmed to her with mingled love and admiration, and I paid her the homage she deserved. I felt her superiority, and acknowledged it with enthusiasm. Had she always remained on that level, she would have been the grandest woman of this or any age. But success and adulation spoiled her, and destroyed all simplicity, all sincerity of character. She grew to be artificial, posee, pretentious, unreal. She lived an unreal life all through, both mentally and socially; and in her endeavor to harmonize two irreconcilables—to be at once conventional and insurgent—the upholder of the sanctity of marriage while living as the wife of a married man—the self-reliant law-breaker and the eager postulant for the recognition granted only to the covenanted—she lost every trace of that finer freedom and whole-heartedness which had been so remarkable in the beginning of her connection with Lewes."

An Anecdote of Bismarck.

A new Bismarck anecdote is related in a Swedish paper by an old Swedish lady. She writes: "Fifty-six years ago, when I was a very young girl, I was to spend some time in Rome. Accompanied by an old companion and two lady's maids, I set out on my journey. It was settled that I should stay a short time in Berlin. A sister of my father had married a German, and their son, the German cousin, as we called him, studied at that time in Berlin. I had never seen him. A few days before I set out on my journey my father sent him a letter requesting him to look after me a little. I arrived safely in Berlin, and was most heartily received by my German cousin. He was a tall youth, with a large moustache and peculiarly sparkling eyes; he seemed to me even somewhat uncanny; but no. For three days he was my faithful companion. Certainly he could not speak a word of Swedish, but he talked very elegant French. I never had such an agreeable cavalier. I was quite proud of my German cousin. The hour for my departure arrived only too soon. 'Cousin,' he said, just as I was about to leave, 'look, cousin, I should like to tell you that I—am not your cousin. My friend, your German cousin, the right one, is so greatly occupied with the preparations of his examination that he begged me to fulfil in his place your father's wish. My name is Otto von Bismarck.' I stared at him, quite taken aback. The carriage moved on and there was an end to my adventure. Many years passed over. The unknown Bismarck had become chancellor and prince—had played with crowns and lands. I came again to Berlin in 1880—an old woman, married nearly forty years. I wrote a few words on my card and sent it to the prince. An hour later I received his invitation, went to his palace, and we were soon in a most lively conversation, and Bismarck was in the best of humors. 'I have to thank you,' he said, among other things, 'that I was able to visit the Berlin museums. Since then I have never had a chance.'"—London Daily News.

Storage Battery Cars For New York.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The cost of installation appears to be the chief objection to the conduit method of traction. The objection to the storage battery was that it could not be operated economically on account of the short life of the battery. This was not the reason, however, that the storage battery cars similar to those in use on three lines in Paris are to be put on the Madison avenue line, and it is claimed that owing to new inventions the battery to be used will last a satisfactory length of time, and that the cost of running the cars will be less than horse-traction or cable or conduit trolley, and compare favorably with overhead trolley. If practical experience show these claims to be well founded, then the storage battery cars are sure to be used very extensively in all large cities. The writer is not in possession of such convincing facts as to feel justified in saying positively that they are. The cars to be run on Madison avenue tracks will be equipped with a new type of storage battery known as the chloride accumulator. These batteries have been practically tested in Paris on three lines, and it is said that with one charge of the battery a fully loaded car can make a run of seventy miles. If this be so it is surely a great improvement on the system used six years ago. In the new cars the batteries will not be carried in the car body, as has hitherto been the practice, but will be suspended from the truck under the center of the car. The tray or box containing the batteries is readily and quickly detached from the truck, and removed for the purpose of charging, and running beneath the floor to a cellar or subway, the elevator being adapted to hoist the batteries into place on the car truck, or to remove them therefrom, as the case may be. By this arrangement a car can be loaded or unloaded in half a minute or less. Another important feature of carrying the batteries beneath the cars is that any car body may be used, and so a company adopting the system will not have to sell all of the old equipment.

A Question of Atmosphere.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

Said a mother one day, very wearily: "I am all worn out with responsibility. Everything I do may be the wrong thing for my children; everything I fail to do may hurt them and hinder their development. Sometimes, with the poor passionate mother whom Zangwill describes so finely in The Master, I feel inclined to 'throw up the position.' Not to destroy myself—far from it; but to stop living every hour of the day with my children's welfare as a direct and imperative object; to stop watching every word they say, and every step they take, and every breath they draw. I have very little comfort with my children, yet I love them to distraction."

"Yes," answered a wise old woman, who had placidly played the part of listener to this monologue—"yes, dear, I've noticed that you have a hard time of it; and certainly the children, poor things, have not an easy one. Children never have an easy time when their parents regard them chiefly as clay to be moulded, as instruments to be played upon. The fortunate children are those who are brought up with a large admixture of wholesome neglect."

"But, dear lady," said the mother, "am I to pass over Harry's quarrels with Ned, and Ned's tale-telling, and Leila's gusts of rage, and her sister's tendency to be late and lazy, as though the four children were admirable in conduct? They ought to be admirable; they've been reproved enough; but they have a happy faculty of forgetting even punishment. I wish I could be a trifle easier and less anxious about their morals and manners."

"If," said the other, "you could only realize that home training is largely a question of absorption, of imitation, of unconscious assimilation, you would have fewer moments of sorrowful uncertainty. Your own general temper, your face, your tones, the pretty gowns you wear, the gay little songs you sing, and the stories you tell at twilight, the tender brooding that is never absent from your loving heart and from your manner, these are the things which educate your children. They resist positive orders, and are sometimes rebellious in their hearts when commands are given brusquely and enforced with sternness, but no child resists the sunshine. Praise is worth more than blame in bringing up our little ones, and reward outweighs penalty.

Where Amber Comes From.

At the present day the supply of amber is chiefly obtained from the dreary and desolate region of Samland, on the eastern Baltic, a strange, weird land of blowing sand, shifting sand-dunes and poverty-stricken amber hunters. It is a cold northern Sahara. The district produces absolutely nothing but amber; vegetation it has none, and from Konigsberg, its capital, to the end of the promontory scarcely anything subsists that a man could live upon. Its trade is all retrospective and geological. It lives upon the memory of its Oligocene fertility. Most of the amber is obtained after stormy weather by men who wade in the water with long hooks in their hands, and secure the lumps torn up from the submarine beds among the floating sea-weed. But a considerable portion is also got by diving, for the beds are almost all below the sea level, and it is only after heavy storms that the precious resin is dislodged in any quantities. No wonder it seems to earlier ages a gift from the gods, very mystic and magical. Konigsberg and Memel are the centers of the export traffic. The biggest lumps go direct to Constantinople, Mecca and North Africa, partly to be used up in Mohammedan ceremonies and partly to be carved into cigarette holders, pipe stems and personal ornaments. The smaller pieces are sent to Italy, where they are manufactured into beads and other gewgaws for the annoyance of tourists, while much is exported to uncivilized countries for the further adornment of those dusky ladies so dear to the hearts of our Stevensons and our Haggards. The lumps vary immensely in size; there is one in the Berlin Museum which weighs fifteen pounds. At first sight the ingenuous observer is apt to think no pine trees of our days produce such masses of resin. But then he should remember he is comparing a few hundred years of our cleared and stunted Europe with heaven knows how many ages of unbroken forest, and heaven knows what big groves of gigantic pine trees.—Cornhill.